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KING HENRY IV

PART 1.



HONOLULU
SERIES



SHAKSPEARE'S
KING HENRY IV.
PART I.

WITH EXPLANATORY AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES
AND
NUMEROUS EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY ON WHICH THE PLAY IS FOUNDED.

Adapted for Scholastic or Private Study.



BY THE REV. JOHN HUNTER, M.A.

Instructor of Candidates for the Civil Service and other Public Examinations;
Formerly Vice-Principal of the National Society's Training College, Battersea.

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PREFACE.

OF THOSE PLAYS of Shakspeare which in the old copies were called *Histories*, some, as, for example, *King Richard II.*, are purely historical; and in these the history constitutes the plot. Such plays as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and *Cymbeline*, were not called *Histories*, and are not properly historical plays, for in these the story is *made subservient* to the plot. In the reign of King Henry IV. Shakspeare found a subject too meagre in historical interest to allow of his founding a drama mainly on the narrations of his favourite chronicler, Holinshed. His two plays on that subject, therefore, though called *Histories*, employ the history chiefly to *regulate* the plot. 'The exuberance of his genius and of his feelings,' says Reed, in his *Lectures on English History*, 'required something more than the cold, uneventful misery of the palace of the politic Henry; and accordingly going down to the lower stratum of society, he must have delighted in creating Falstaff and his associates, to make amends for the dull company of the king, and the courtiers and nobles.' The same writer properly observes, that 'the link of association between the serious

and the comic parts of these plays, is to be found in the character of him who is the Prince Henry of the palace, and the Prince Hal of his boon companions in the tavern.'

The first edition of the First Part of *King Henry IV.* had the following title: 'The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the Battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy; surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the Humorous Conceits of Sir John Falstalffe. London: Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, 1598.' Five other editions were printed before it was incorporated in the folio of 1623. The play was probably composed in 1597, the year in which it was registered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

Shakspeare found the stage in possession of an old play entitled 'The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,' and from this he adopted the leading incidents of his *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, and also took the hint, though certainly not the lineaments, of his Falstaff. The old play is a very sorry production, though it obtained great popularity through the flattery which national pride found in its historical representations. Its author, whose name has not come down to us, followed Holinshed, but Shakspeare consulted for himself, to some extent, the pages of his favourite chronicler. The superiority of Shakspeare's delineations of character over those presented in 'The Famous Victories,' is immeasurable. In the old play, the Prince is an impudent bully, and a blackguard, with no 'sparkles of a

better hope' (*K. Richard II.* v. 3); while Sir John Oldcastle, a character to which not more than thirty lines are assigned in the whole piece,—a character which some suppose to have suggested to Shakspeare his Falstaff, is a grovelling profligate, neither 'witty in himself,' nor 'the cause that wit is in other men' (2 *K. Henry IV.* i. 2), but, along with the other associates of the Prince, altogether despicable. It is certain, however, that Shakspeare at first gave his fat knight the name of Sir John Oldcastle, being afterwards induced to alter it, on account of representations made to him of the dissimilarity between the stage character and that of Lord Cobham, the Sir John Oldcastle of history, some of whose descendants were then alive, and would naturally feel aggrieved by the huge sensual knight of the Boar's Head tavern bearing their ancestor's name.

PASSAGES ILLUSTRATIVE
OF
SHAKSPEARE'S 'KING HENRY IV.'
PART I.

ABRIDGED FROM HOLINSHED'S 'HISTORY OF ENGLAND.'

'OWEN GLENDOWER was son to an esquire of Wales. He was first set to study the laws of the realm, and became an utter barrister, or an apprentice of the law (as they term him), and served King Richard at Flint Castle when he was taken by Henry duke of Lancaster; though other have written that he served this King Henry IV., before he came to attain the crown, in room of an esquire; and after, by reason of variance that rose betwixt him and the lord Reginald Grey of Ruthin, about the lands which he claimed to be his by right of inheritance, when he saw that he might not prevail, finding no such favour in his suit as he looked for, he first made war against the said lord Grey, wasting his lands and possessions with fire and sword. The king advertised of such rebellious exploits enterprised by the said Owen and his unruly complices, determined to chastise them, and so with an army entered into Wales; but the Welshmen with their captain withdrew into the mountains of Snowdon.

'Owen Glendower, according to his accustomed manner, robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble against them under

the conduct of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March. But, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortun'd, that the English power was discomfited, the earl taken prisoner, and about a thousand of his people slain. The shameful villany used by the Welsh women towards the dead carcases was such as honest ears would be ashamed to hear, and continent tongues to speak thereof. The king was not hasty to purchase the deliverance of the earl of March, because his title to the crown was well enough known, and therefore suffered him to remain in miserable prison.

'The king, to chastise the Welshmen, went with a great power of men into Wales to pursue the captain of the Welsh rebels, Owen Glendower; but Owen conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking-places; and (as was thought) through art magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow and hail to be raised, for the avoidance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of: in such sort that the king was constrained to return home.

'Archibald, earl Douglas, procured a commission to invade England, and that to his cost. For at a place called Homeldon they were so fiercely assailed by the Englishmen, under the leading of the lord Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur, and George, earl of March, that with violence of the English shot they were quite vanquished and put to flight. There were slain, of men of estimation, Sir John Swinton, Sir Adam Gordon, &c., and three-and-twenty knights, besides ten thousand of the commons; and, of prisoners, among other were these: Mordake earl of Fife, son to the governor, Archibald earl of Douglas,* Thomas earl of Murray, Robert earl of Angus, &c.

'Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, prisoner with Owen Glendower, whether for irksomeness of cruel captivity or fear of death, or for what other cause, it is uncertain, agreed to take part with Owen against the king of England, and took to wife the daughter of the said Owen. Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativity of this man; for the same

* In Holinshed, an omission of the comma after the word 'governor' misled Shakespeare to call Mordake 'eldest son to beaten Douglas.' The governor or regent of Scotland was Robert duke of Albany. See the 12th line on the next page.

night that he was born all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to the bellies.

'Henry, earl of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas, earl of Worcester, and his son, the lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, which were to King Henry, in the beginning of his reign, both faithful friends and earnest aiders, began now to envy his wealth and felicity; and especially they were grieved, because the king demanded of the earl and his son such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Homeldon and Nesbit: for of all the captives which were taken in the conflicts fought in those two places, there was delivered to the king's possession only Mordake, earl of Fife, the duke of Albany's son, though the king did divers and sundry times require deliverance of the residue, and that with great threatenings: wherewith the Percies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their own proper prisoners, and their peculiar prizes, by the counsel of the lord Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, whose study was ever (as some write) to procure malice, and set things in a broil, came to the king unto Windsor (upon a purpose to prove him), and there required of him that, either by ransom or otherwise, he would cause to be delivered out of prison Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, their cousin german, whom (as they reported) Owen Glendower kept in filthy prison, shackled with irons, only for that he took his part, and was to him faithful and true. The king began not a little to muse at this request, and not without cause; for indeed it touched him somewhat near, sith this Edmund was son to Roger earl of March, which Edmund, at King Richard's going into Ireland, was proclaimed heir apparent to the crown, whose aunt, called Ellianor, the lord Henry Percy had married, and therefore King Henry could not well bear that any man should be earnest about the advancement of that lineage.

'The king, when he had studied on the matter, made answer, that the earl of March was not taken prisoner for his cause, nor in his service, but willingly suffered himself to be taken, because he would not withstand the attempts of Owen Glendower and his complices, therefore he would neither ransom him nor release him.

'The Percies with this answer and fraudulent excuse were not a little fumed, insomuch that Henry Hotspur said openly : Behold, the heir of the realm is robbed of his right, and yet the robber with his own will not redeem him. So in this fury the Percies departed, minding nothing more than to depose King Henry from the high type of his royalty, and to place in his seat their cousin Edmund, earl of March, whom they did not only deliver out of captivity, but also (to the high displeasure of King Henry) entered in league with the foresaid Owen Glendower.

'Herewith they by their deputies, in the house of the arch-deacon of Bangor, divided the realm amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to be made, and sealed with their seals; by the covenants whereof, all England from Severn and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the earl of March; all Wales, and the lands beyond Severn westward, were appointed to Owen Glendower; and all the remnant, from Trent northward, to the lord Percy. This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon; the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them.

'King Henry, not knowing of this confederacy, gathered a great army to go again into Wales, whereof the earl of Northumberland and his son were advertised by the earl of Worcester, and with all diligence raised all the power they could make, and sent to the Scots which before were taken prisoners at Homeldon, for aid of men, promising to the earl of Douglas the town of Berwick and a part of Northumberland, and to other Scottish lords great lordships and seignories, if they obtained the upper hand. The Scots, in hope of gain, and desirous to be revenged of their old griefs, came to the earl with a great company well appointed.

'The Percies, to make their part seem good, devised certain articles, by the advice of Richard Scroope archbishop of York, brother to the lord Scroope whom King Henry had caused to be beheaded at Bristow. These articles being showed to several noblemen, many of them did not only promise to the Percies aid and succour by words, but also by their writings

and seals confirmed the same. Howbeit, when the matter came to trial, the most part of the confederates abandoned them. The lord Henry Percy desirous to proceed in the enterprise, upon trust to be assisted by Owen Glendower, the earl of March, and other, assembled an army south of Cheshire and Wales. Incontinently his uncle, Thomas Percy earl of Worcester, that had the government of the prince of Wales, who as then lay at London, in secret manner conveyed himself out of the prince's house, and coming to Stafford, where he met his nephew, they increased their power by all ways and means they could devise. The earl of Northumberland himself was not with them, but, being sick, had promised upon his amendment to repair unto them.

'King Henry, advertised of the proceedings of the Percies, forthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and passed forward with such speed that he was in sight of his enemies lying in camp near to Shrewsbury, before they were in doubt of any such thing.

'Now, when the two armies were encamped, the one against the other, the earl of Worcester and the lord Percy with their complices sent the articles (whereof I spake before) by esquires to King Henry, which in effect charged him with manifest perjury; in that (contrary to his oath received upon the evangelists at Doncaster, when he first entered the realm after his exile) he had taken upon him the crown and royal dignity, imprisoned King Richard, caused him to resign his title, and finally to be murdered. Divers other matters they laid to his charge, &c. King Henry after he had read their articles, with the defiance which they annexed to the same, answered the esquires that he was ready with dint of sword and fierce battle to prove their quarrel false.

'The next day, in the morning early, the abbot of Shrewsbury and one of the clerks of the privy seal were sent from the king unto the Percies, to offer them pardon if they would come to any reasonable agreement. By their persuasions the lord Henry Percy began to give ear unto the king's offers, and so sent with them his uncle, the earl of Worcester, to declare unto

the king the causes of those troubles, and to require some effectual reformation in the same.

‘It was reported for a truth, that now when the king had condescended unto all that was reasonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet for his estate, the earl of Worcester, upon his return to his nephew, made relation clean contrary to that the king had said, in such sort that he set his nephew’s heart more in displeasure towards the king than ever it was before, driving him by that means to fight whether he would or not; then suddenly blew the trumpets; the king’s part crying *St. George* upon them, the adversaries cried *Esperance Percy*, and so the two armies furiously joined.

‘The prince that day help his father like a lusty young gentleman; for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow so that divers noblemen that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do, lest his departure from amongst his men might happily have stricken some fear into their hearts. At length the king crying *St. George, Victory*, brake the array of his enemies, and adventured so far that (as some write) the earl Douglas strake him down, and at that instant slew Sir Walter Blunt, and three others, apparelled in the king’s suit and clothing: saying, I marvel to see so many kings thus suddenly arise, one in the neck of another. The king indeed was raised, and did that day many a noble feat of arms. The other on his part encouraged by his doings fought valiantly, and slew the lord Percy, called Sir Henry Hotspur. To conclude, the king’s enemies were vanquished and put to flight; in which flight the earl of Douglas, for haste, falling from the crag of a high mountain, was taken, and, for his valiantness, of the king frankly and freely delivered. There were also taken the earl of Worcester, the procurer and setter forth of all this mischief, sir Richard Vernon, with divers other. The earl of Worcester, the baron of Kinderton and sir Richard Vernon, knights, were condemned and beheaded.’

HENRY THE FOURTH.

PART I.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.



Appears

KING HENRY IV.	Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 5.
HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, <i>son to the King</i>	Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 5.
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, <i>son to the King</i>	Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 5.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, <i>friend to the King</i>	Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 4 ; sc. 5.
SIR WALTER BLUNT, <i>friend to the King</i>	Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act VI. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 3.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester	Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 5.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland	Act I. sc. 3.
HENRY PERCY, <i>surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland</i>	Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 4.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March	Act III. sc. 1.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York . .	Act IV. sc. 4.
SIR MICHAEL, <i>a friend of the Archbishop</i>	Act IV. sc. 4.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas . .	Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 4.
OWEN GLENDOWER	Act III. sc. 1.
SIR RICHARD VERNON	Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 5.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 4.
POINS	Act I. sc. 2 ; Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.
GADSHILL	Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 4.
PETO	Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4.
BARDOLPH	Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.
LADY PERCY, <i>wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer</i>	Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.
LADY MORTIMER, <i>daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer</i>	Act III. sc. 1.
MRS. QUICKLY, <i>hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap</i>	Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE—ENGLAND.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PART I.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
and others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new¹ broils
To be commenced in strands² afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance³ of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs

¹ *New.*] Of a different kind from those civil broils which had disturbed the beginning of Henry's reign.

² *Strands.*] The old text has *stronds*. So in Spenser's *F. Q.* III. vii. 26, 'Fled fearful Daphne on the Ægean strond.'

³ *Entrance.*] Mouth. This word has, unnecessarily, been considered doubtful. 'The earth which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood.' Gen. iv. 11. In the old play, *The Troublesome Raigne of John* (1591), on which Shakspeare founded his *K. John*, we have—

'All the blood yspilt on either part,
Closing the crannies of the thirsty earth.'

Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred——
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close¹ of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way ; and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as² to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now,³ under whose blessed cross
We are impressed⁴ and engaged to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago,⁵ were nailed
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve-months old,
And bootless 't is to tell you—we will go :
Therefore⁶ we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,⁷

¹ *Close.*] Grapple.

² *As far as.*] With destination as far as. Compare Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse* (1579), p. 50, 'Scipio before he levied his force to the walls of Carthage,' &c.

³ *Now.*] We are now.

⁴ *Impressed.*] Enlisted. There is here a reference to Christians receiving, at baptism, the sign of the cross, in token that they will manfully fight under Christ's banner.

⁵ *Fourteen hundred.*] Henry IV. ascended the throne at the close of the fourteenth century.

⁶ *Therefore.*] For that purpose, viz. to tell you that we mean to go.

⁷ *My gentle cousin Westmoreland.*] Ralph Nevill, created Earl

What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.¹

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,²
And many limits³ of the charge set down
But yesternight : when, all athwart,⁴ there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news ;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,⁵
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,⁶
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered :
Upon whose dead corps⁷ there was such misuse,

of Westmoreland by Richard II. in 1397, had joined Bolingbroke's standard, and became his most powerful supporter against the Percies. *Cousin* was a term of affectionate respect. *Gentle* means of gentle birth and breeding.

¹ *Dear expedience.*] Important expedition.

² *Hot in question.*] A subject of eager discussion.

³ *Limits.*] Distinct specifications. So in *Macbeth*, ii. 2, 'It is my limited service,' meaning, it is my specified, appointed, or prescribed duty ; and in *Coriolanus*, ii. 3, 'You have stood your limitation,' means, you have undergone the observance required of you.

⁴ *Athwart.*] Perversely.

⁵ *Mortimer.*] The Sir Edmund Mortimer of this play was brother of Harry Hotspur's wife, but not really Earl of March as Shakspeare, following Holinshed, has supposed. He was *second son* of Edmund Mortimer third Earl of March, and *uncle* to Edmund Mortimer fifth Earl of March, who was at this time only ten years old, and was the rightful heir to the crown at the death of Richard II., and was in the custody of the king at Windsor.

⁶ *Glendower*] Owen Glendower, the great Welsh chieftain, had been an 'esquire of the body' to Richard II., and was strongly attached to that monarch. The Sir Edmund Mortimer of this play married Owen's daughter.

⁷ *Corps.*] Corpses. The same plural occurs in 2 *K. Henry IV.* i. 1.

Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This matched with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven¹ and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day,² the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy,³ and brave Archibald,⁴
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met;
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour—
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them,⁵ in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,

¹ *Uneven.*] Untoward. This news was more untoward in relation to the king's purpose, as the battle was on *Holy Cross* day.

² *Holy-rood day.*] Holy-rood or Holy-cross day is September 14. The battle of Holmedon or Homeldon (now Hambleton) near Wooler, Northumberland, was in 1402.

³ *Young Harry Percy.*] So called because of his father the Earl of Northumberland being also Henry Percy. But Shakspeare, in this play, erroneously supposes that 'young Harry Percy' and 'Prince Hal' were of the same age. Hotspur was at this time as old as the king himself, upwards of thirty-five.

⁴ *Archibald.*] This Earl of Douglas was taken prisoner at the battle of Holmedon, and again at that of Shrewsbury.

⁵ *Them.*] The news: here referred to by a plural pronoun, though we have 'news was' in the preceding line. In the third line of this speech we find *news* referred to by the singular pronoun *it*. In modern usage the singular is generally preferred.

Sir Walter Blunt,¹ new lighted from his horse,
 Stained with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
 Balked² in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake, the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas:³ and the Earl of Athol,
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil?
 A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith, it is;

A conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me
 sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
 Should be the father to so blest a son:
 A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
 Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;

* ¹ *Sir Walter Blunt.*] He was standard bearer to Henry IV., and fell in the battle of Shrewsbury, mistaken for his royal master, the king having caused several of his attendants to wear armour resembling his own.

² *Balked.*] Steevens conjectured that *baked* is the right word here. A *balk* is a ridge between furrows; and though it might be correct enough to speak of the slain as *ridged* or *heaped up*, the expression 'in their own blood' is then inapposite. In *K. John*, iii. 3, we have—

'Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy-thick.'

³ *Mordake, &c.*] Lord Mordake, or Murdoch, was eldest son, not of Douglas, but of Robert, Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland. The poet was misled by the omission of a comma in Holinshed.

Who is sweet fortune's minion and her pride :
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. Oh that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet !
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use¹ he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,²
Malevolent to you in all aspects,³
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this ;
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor : so inform the lords :

¹ *To his own use.*] To have ransom for them or to discharge them at his own discretion. Percy had a right to act thus, by the acknowledged law of arms. He was bound to give up to the king Mordake Earl of Fife, who was a prince of the royal blood, his father the Duke of Albany being brother to King Robert III.

² *Worcester.*] Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, brother of the Earl of Northumberland. This was the steward of Richard II.'s household who 'broke his staff of office' when his brother was proclaimed traitor for joining Bolingbroke. He became, however, one of the bitterest enemies of Bolingbroke, and being taken prisoner at the battle of Shrewsbury, was beheaded.

³ *In all aspects.*] There is here an allusion to the astrological doctrine about malignant and friendly aspects of the planets.

But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. An apartment in a Tavern.*

Enter HENRY Prince of Wales and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*.¹ And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none)—

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.²

¹ *That wandering knight, &c.*] These words are probably a quotation. They are, of course, introduced by Falstaff for the sake of the equivoque between *knight* and *night*.

² *Prologue, &c.*] An allusion to 'grace before meat.' Buttered eggs was a usual breakfast in Lent.

P. Hen. Well, how then ? ¹ come, roundly, roundly.²

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body,³ be called thieves of the day's beauty :⁴ let us be—*Diana's foresters, Gentlemen of the shade, Minions of the moon* ; and let men say, we be men of good government ; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well ; and it holds well⁵ too : for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea ; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now : a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning ; got with swearing—*lay by* ;⁶ and spent with crying—*bring in* :⁷ now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder ; and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench ?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla,⁸ my old lad of the

¹ *How then ?*] How when I am king ?

² *Roundly.*] In plain blunt terms.

³ *Squires of the night's body.*] The principal attendant of a knight was called his squire.

⁴ *Beauty.*] For *beauty*, Theobald, one of the most judicious of Shakspeare's textual critics, would read *booty*.

⁵ *Holds well.*] Stands well ; is quite consistent.

⁶ *Swearing lay by.*] *Lay by* was a highwayman's phrase, meaning *surrender*. There is, of course, a punning reference to the more ordinary meaning of saving.

⁷ *Crying bring in.*] Crying to the waiter to bring in wine.

⁸ *Hybla.*] A hill in Sicily abounding in thyme, &c., and famous for honey.

castle.¹ And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?²

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent³—But, I prithee, sweet wag,

¹ *Old lad of the castle.*] This is allusive to the name *Oldcastle* by which the Falstaff of this play was originally designated, being adopted by Shakspeare from an older play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry V.* It is said that Queen Elizabeth requested Shakspeare to alter the name, as some of the family of the Oldcastles were still remaining. Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, had been page to Sir Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and was very different in character from the Sir John Falstaff of Shakspeare.

² *And is not a buff jerkin, &c.*] *Durance* was a strong and very durable kind of cloth; and as the name also denoted prison or imprisonment, the old dramatists often indulged in quibbles on the two meanings. The buff leather jerkin or doublet, commonly worn by a serjeant or sheriff's officer, was both from its durability and its wearer's office called sometimes a robe of durance; in the *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 2, it is called *an everlasting garment*.

³ *Yea, and so used it, &c.*] Falstaff here refers to *credit* in the sense of *character*. The word *apparent* anciently signified *manifest*, *obviously true*.

shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed¹ as it is with the rusty curb² of old father antic³ the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with⁴ my humour; as well as waiting in the court,⁵ I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe.⁶ O, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.⁷

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.⁸

¹ *Resolution thus fobbed.*] Shall boldness of spirit, or the spirit of daring, be thus foiled or disappointed.

² *The rusty curb.*] The chains of imprisonment.

³ *Antic.*] Here used to denote what is ancient or old-fashioned.

⁴ *Jumps with.*] Agrees with; meets.

⁵ *Waiting in the court.*] There is here an equivocal between waiting in the court as a suitor for royal favour, and waiting to receive sentence in a court of justice.

⁶ *No lean wardrobe.*] This refers to the clothes of criminals being the hangman's perquisite.

⁷ *Gib cat, &c.*] Gib is a contraction of Gilbert, as Tib is of Tibert, both being names formerly given to cats. A *gib* cat was an old male cat. The melancholy look of an old cat, or that of a bear lugged about the streets with a chain, is what Falstaff refers to. In *King Lear*, iv. 2, we have 'Whose reverence even the head-lugged bear would lick.'

⁸ *A Lincolnshire bagpipe.*] The *drone* of the bagpipe is mono-

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare,¹ or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?²

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavory similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative,³ rascalliest—sweet young prince,—But Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity⁴ of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.⁵

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration;⁶ and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon

tonous and melancholy, but the Lincolnshire bagpipe in full play was thought by the peasantry a very lively instrument to dance to.

¹ *A hare.*] Dr. Johnson says of the hare: 'She is upon her form always solitary, and according to the physis of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy.' Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, &c., says: 'The hare first taught us the use of the herb called wild succory, which is very excellent for those which are disposed to be melancholick: she herself is one of the most melancholick beasts that is; and to heal her own infirmity she goeth commonly to sit under that herb.'

² *Moor-ditch.*] This was part of the great moat formerly surrounding the city of London, and extended from Moorgate to Bishopsgate. In Shakspeare's time the melancholy aspect presented by its dull filthy stream, with the marshes on one side of it, and the wretched houses on the other, gave rise to the term *Moor-ditch melancholy*.

³ *Most comparative.*] Most apt to use comparisons.

⁴ *A commodity.*] An accommodation.

⁵ *Wisdom cries out, &c.*] This is a profane reference to Scripture. Prov. i. 20-24.

⁶ *Iteration.*] Mockery of one's words.

me, Hal—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.¹

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.² O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried *Stand to a true man.*³

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg? ⁴

¹ *Baffle me.*] To *baffle* originally meant to punish a recreant knight by hanging him up by the heels and beating him. This was often done only in effigy. See the Editor's *Samson Agonistes* of Milton, note on l. 1237.

² *If Gadshill have set a match.*] To *set a match* was to lay a plan for a robbery. Gadshill, near Rochester, was much infested with highwaymen in Shakspeare's time. As the name of a person it was adopted by him from the old play of *The Famous Victories*, &c.

³ *A true man.*] An honest man.

⁴ *For a cup, &c.*] The violation of a fasting-day is here referred to.

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will *give the devil his due*.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns: if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.¹

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

¹ *Stand for ten shillings.*] Stand for a royal. The coin called a royal was worth ten shillings. See p. 56, note 4.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed,¹ that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance.² Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallowen summer!³ [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 't is like that they will know us by

¹ *God give thee, &c.*] This speech is in ridicule of the usual style of the Puritan preacher's prayer before sermon.

² *The poor abuses, &c.*] The Puritans condemned many of the popular recreations as abuses; and Falstaff here calls robbing a recreation.

³ *All-hallowen summer.*] All-hallows, or All-saints day, is November 1. The Prince likens Falstaff to a latter spring and an All-hallowen summer, because of the youthful passions of his old age.

our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment,¹ to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut ! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood ; our visors we will change after we leave them ; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,² to immask our noted³ outward garments.

P. Hen. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper : how thirty at least he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and in the reproof⁴ of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee ; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS.]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold

The unyoked⁵ humour of your idleness :

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

¹ *Appointment.*] Equipment. There is here also a quibbling reference to the words of Poins, 'appoint them a place of meeting.'

² *The nonce.*] The occasion, literally *this once*.

³ *Noted.*] Known.

⁴ *Reproof.*] Refutation, disproof.

⁵ *Unyoked.*] Unrestrained.

Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.¹
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come ;
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;²
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil³ to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;⁴
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,

¹ *To strangle him.*] To smother him. Compare *Macbeth*, ii. 3, 'T is day, and yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp ;' and *Twelfth Night*, v. 1, 'It is the baseness of thy fear that makes thee strangle thy propriety.'

² *Hopes.*] Expectations.

³ *Foil.*] A foil is a piece of gold or silver leaf placed under a transparent gem to set it off.

⁴ *To make offence, &c.*] As to make my offending a piece of skilful conduct. 'This speech,' says Johnson, 'is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience ; it prepares them for his future reformation ; and what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake.'

And you have found me ; ¹ for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty and to be feared, than my condition ; ²
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
 O, sir, your presence ³ is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit* WORCESTER.

You were about to speak.

[*To* NORTH.

North. Yea, my good lord,
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied ⁴
 As is delivered to your majesty :
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision ⁵
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

¹ *Found me.*] Seen me to be thus unapt.

² *Than my condition.*] Than be what my temperament denotes.

³ *Presence.*] Demeanour.

⁴ *With such strength denied.*] So strongly or stubbornly refused.

⁵ *Misprision.*] Mistake.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble land at harvest-home :
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,¹ which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
Who² therewith angry, when it next came there
Took it in snuff: ³—and still he smiled and talked ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms⁴
He questioned me : among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold—
To be so pestered with a popinjay—
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what—
He should, or he should not ; ⁵—for he made me mad,

¹ *A pouncet-box.*] A small box with perforated lid, containing an aromatic smelling powder.

² *Who.*] That is, his nose.

³ *Took it in snuff.*] The dramatist is here again indulging his punning humour. To take anything in snuff was to take offence at it, to be indignant at it.

⁴ *Holiday and lady terms.*] 'Holiday terms' means ceremonious speech.

⁵ *He should, &c.*] That is, that the king should or should not have the prisoners.

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark ¹),
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti ² for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow ³ had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But ⁴ with proviso and exception—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betrayed

¹ *God save the mark.*] Heaven defend or bless the distinction.

² *Parmaceti.*] A corruption of *spermaceti*.

³ *Tall fellow.*] Brave fellow. The epithets *tall* and *stout* were often applied to men and ships with the sense of sturdy, brave, gallant.

⁴ *But.*] Unless.

The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damned Glendower ;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home ?
Shall we buy treason ? and indent with feers,¹
When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war. To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment² with great Glendower :
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood :
Who³ then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp⁴ head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer

¹ *Indent with feers.*] Make terms with companions or confederates, as Glendower and Mortimer are.

² *In changing hardiment.*] In exchange of hard blows.

³ *Who.*] That is, Severn, or the tutelary power of the stream.

⁴ *Crisp.*] Curled.

Receive so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him ;

He never did encounter with Glendower ;
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth,
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son :—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them : I will after straight,
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ! stay, and pause awhile ;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. *Speak of Mortimer !¹*

'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
Yea on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer

¹ *Speak of Mortimer.*] This refers to the sixth line of the king's last speech.

As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered¹ Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

[*To WORCESTER.*]

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale;
And on my face he turned an eye of death,²
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaimed,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation;
And then it was³ when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide
mouth
Live scandalised and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,⁴
That wished him on the barren mountains starved.
But shall it be that you that set the crown

¹ *Cankered.*] Ill-natured.

² *An eye of death.*] An eye of deadly fear.

³ *And then it was.*] And it was at the time.

⁴ *His cousin king.*] There is here a quibbling allusion to *cozen*, that is, cozening or crafty. See p. 28, note 3.

Upon the head of this forgetful man,
 And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
 Of murderous subornation¹—shall it be
 That you a world of curses undergo ;
 Being the agents, or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?—
 O pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To show the line,² and the predicament,
 Wherein you range under this subtle king.
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf—
 As both of you, God pardon it ! have done—
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker,³ Bolingbroke ?
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken
 That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent ?
 No ; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
 Your banished honours,⁴ and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again :
 Revenge the jeering and disdained⁵ contempt

¹ *Of murderous subornation.*] Of the guilt of procuring the murder of Richard.

² *Line.*] Position. So in iii. 2, ' And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou.'

³ *This canker.*] The *canker* means here the dog-rose, as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, i. 3, ' I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace !' Shakspeare more frequently uses the term to denote a worm that destroys rosebuds. ' As killing as the canker to the rose.' Milton's *Lycidas*, 45.

⁴ *Your banished honours.*] That is, your honours that have been banished from the opinion of good men.

⁵ *Disdained.*] Disdainful. The affix *-ed* used to denote *having*, or *characterised by*, in many more instances than it does now.

Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore I say——

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk¹ a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing² of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in,³ good night :—or sink or swim :—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple ;—O ! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon ;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities :
But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures⁴ here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

¹ *O'erwalk.*] Overleap.

² *Footing.*] Support.

³ *If he fall in, &c.*] Hotspur here imagines some one daring to cross the perilous torrent.

⁴ *A world of figures.*] Innumerable figurative forms of danger.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners——

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot¹ would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—*Mortimer!*
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,²
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler³ Prince of Wales—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung⁴ and impatient fool

¹ *A Scot.*] A tax payment.

² *Defy.*] Renounce; abjure.

³ *Sword-and-buckler.*] These were not now accounted gentlemanly arms; the rapier had superseded them. Hotspur thinks them fit only for such fellows as the Prince's associates.

⁴ *Wasp-stung.*] This, the reading of the first quarto, was altered

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood :
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own ?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with
rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time—what do you call the place?—

A plague upon 't!—it is in Glostershire;—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept ;¹

His uncle York ;—where I first bowed my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh—

North. At Berkley Castle.

Hot. You say true :—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !

Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age*,—

And,—*gentle Harry Percy*—and, *kind cousin*,—²

O, the devil take such cozeners !³—God forgive me !—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

in subsequent editions to *wasp-tongue* and *wasp-tongued*. *Wasp-stung* signifies *having a wasp's sting*; the other readings denote *waspish in speech*.

¹ *The madcap duke, &c.*] Edmund, Duke of York, son of Edward III., was a weak-minded man, and more given to pastime than to business. He died in 1402. *Kept* means *lodged*: so in *Hamlet*, ii. 1, 'And how and who, what means, and where they keep.'

² *When his infant fortune, &c.*] Words to this effect are addressed to Harry Percy on his first introduction to Bolingbroke, in *K. Richard II.* ii. 3.

³ *Cozeners.*] Shakspeare prepares for this punning word by the preceding expression 'kind cousin.' He often thus creates occasion for such witticisms.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up¹ without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son² your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which—for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written—be assured,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord—

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employed—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True: who bears hard
His brother's death³ at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,⁴
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still lett'st slip.⁵

¹ *Deliver them up.*] Set them free.

² *The Douglas' son.*] Mordake, Earl of Fife, not really 'the Douglas' son.' See p. 7, note 3.

³ *His brother's death, &c.*] This is a mistake. The Archbishop of York was Richard Scroop, son of Lord Scroop of Bolton. The Scroop who was beheaded at Bristol was Lord William Scroop of Masham, Earl of Wiltshire.

⁴ *In estimation.*] According to conjecture.

⁵ *Thou still lett'st slip.*] An allusion to setting a leash of greyhounds free from the slips for chase. *Still* means *always*.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be¹ a noble plot :—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aimed.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head :
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him² in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does ; we'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell.—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower, and Lord Mortimer ;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport !

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *It cannot choose but be.]* It cannot help being ; it cannot be otherwise than.

² *Him.]* Himself.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.**Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.*

First Car. Heigh ho ! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged : Charles' wain¹ is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler !

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,² put a few flocks³ in the point ; the poor jade is wrung in the withers⁴ out of all cess.⁵

Enter another Carrier.

Second Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way⁶ to give poor jades the bots :⁷ this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

¹ *Charles' wain.*] That is, the churl's or rustic's waggon. The constellation of the Bear was vulgarly so called.

² *Cut's saddle.*] *Cut* was a name for a curtal or docked horse. In *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3, Sir Toby says, 'Call me Cut;' as Falstaff (p. 52) says, 'Call me horse.'

³ *Flocks.*] Locks of wool or hair.

⁴ *Wrung in the withers.*] Galled in the shoulders. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 2, 'Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.'

⁵ *Out of all cess.*] To an inordinate excess.

⁶ *The next way.*] The nearest way. So in *Othello*, i. 3 :

'To mourn a mischief that is past and gone

Is the next way to draw new mischief on.'

Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Apology for Poetry*, says, 'The saddler's next (most immediate) end is to make a good saddle.'

⁷ *The bots.*] Worms in the intestines of horses.

First Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose;¹ it was the death of him.

Second Car. I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.²

First Car. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.—What, ostler! come away, and be hanged! come away.

Second Car. I have a gammon of bacon³ and two razes⁴ of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.⁵

First Car. The turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An't were not⁶ as

¹ *Since the price of oats rose.*] Knight says: 'In 1596 the price of oats was exceedingly high, and Elizabeth issued a Proclamation against Ingrossers. This play was undoubtedly written about 1596; and Shakspeare had most probably the scarcity in his mind when he made the dear oats kill poor 'Robin ostler.'

² *Stung like a tench.*] The comparison here may be nonsensical, as in the same carrier's previous expression 'dank as a dog.' But Knight says, 'The particular charge against fleas of troubling fish is gravely set forth in Philemon Holland's Translation of Pliny.' Perhaps, after all, there is intended an absurd transposition of the terms *dank* and *stung*, from the more intelligible phrases *dank as a tench* and *stung like a dog*.

³ *A gammon of bacon.*] A smoked ham.

⁴ *Razes.*] *Razes* or *rares* are roots.

⁵ *Charing Cross.*] Charing was anciently a detached village. The cross erected there was to commemorate the last place where the body of Eleanor, Edward I.'s queen, rested on the way to Westminster.

⁶ *An't were not.*] If it would not be. *An*, the old Saxon word for *if*, is still used in that sense in some parts of the north. It was sometimes corruptly written *and* when followed by *if* redundant.

good a deed as drink¹ to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that i' faith.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thine.

Second Car. Ay, when, canst tell?—*Lend me thy lantern* quoth a?²—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Second Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt* Carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!³

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.⁴

Gads. That's even as fair as⁵—*at hand, quoth the chamberlain*: for thou variest no more from picking of purses,

¹ *As good a deed as drink.*] *Drink* for *to drink*. The same phraseology occurs in the next scene. So in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3, 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry.'

² *Quoth a.*] The readers of our old plays are familiar with the use of a for *he*.

³ *Chamberlain.*] A servant who had charge of the bed-rooms of an inn.

⁴ *At hand quoth pick-purse.*] This was a proverbial expression.

⁵ *As fair as.*] As proper as to say.

than giving direction doth from labouring ; thou lay'st the plot how.¹

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight. There 's a franklin² in the wild³ of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper ; a kind of auditor ;⁴ one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter ; they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,⁵ I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it ; I prithee keep that for the hangman ; for, I know, thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What⁶ talk'st thou to me of the hangman ? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows : for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me ; and thou know'st he's no starveling.

¹ *Thou layest the plot how.*] Thou appriseest the thief when an opportunity will occur. It was not unusual in old times for the chamberlains, ostlers, &c., of inns, to be in collusion with highwaymen.

² *A franklin.*] One who possesses a freehold.
wild.] The weald.

⁴ *A kind of auditor.*] This refers to the person informed by the franklin.

⁵ *Saint Nicholas' clerks.*] Saint Nicholas was a patron saint of clerks or scholars ; and hence, as Nicholas, or old Nick, was a cant name for the devil, Warburton thinks that robbers were equivocally called Saint Nicholas' clerks.

⁶ *What.*] For what ? why ? *What* was often thus used like the Latin *quid*. 'What sit we then projecting peace and war ?' Milton's *Par. Lost*, ii. 329.

Tut! there are other Trojans¹ that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers,² no long-staff, sixpenny strikers;³ none of these mad, mustachio-purple-hued malt-worms:⁴ but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great oneyers;⁵ such as can hold in;⁶ such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than⁷ drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, zounds! I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth;⁸ or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.⁹

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? Will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure: we have the receipt of fern-seed,¹⁰ we walk invisible.

¹ *Trojans.*] A cant name for boon companions.

² *Foot land-rakers.*] Footpads.

³ *Sixpenny strikers.*] Petty robbers who would attack even the poorest travellers.

⁴ *Malt-worms.*] Tipplers.

⁵ *Great oneyers.*] *Great ones* are here humorously called *great-oneyers*, by an adaptation of the adjective *great-one-y*, coined for the occasion.

⁶ *Hold in.*] Be secret.

⁷ *Sooner than.*] Before they.

⁸ *Their saint, &c.*] Their saint not being St. Nicholas, but the common wealth of the country.

⁹ *Their boots.*] Their gain, advantage, or booty. So in Spenser's *F. Q. V. ix. 10*, 'With hope of her some wishful boot to have.'

¹⁰ *The receipt of fern-seed.*] An old superstition is here referred to. It was supposed that on Midsummer Eve fern-seed became visible, and that if gathered then, with certain formalities, and

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholden to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,¹ as I am a true² man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Road near Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets³ like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.]

carried in the pocket, it would render the possessor invisible. The fructification of ferns being on the back of the leaf, and the smallness of the seeds rendering it difficult to discern them, the vulgar came to ascribe magic virtue to a plant which seemed to be propagated by invisible seed.

¹ *Purchase.*] Earning. In *K. Henry V.* iii. 2, the servant boy says, 'They will steal anything, and call it *purchase*.'

² *True.*] Honest.

³ *Frets.*] To *fret* meant to grumble, as well as to wear away 'like as a moth fretteth a garment;' hence the quibble here.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company : the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire¹ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines² to make me love him, I'll be hanged ; it could not be else ; I have drunk medicines.—Poins !—Hal !—a plague upon you both !—Bardolph !—Peto !—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me ; and the stony-hearted villains knew it well enough. A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true to one another ! [*They whistle.*] Whew !—A plague upon you all ! Give me my horse, you rogues ; give me my horse, and be hanged

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts ! lie down ; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down ? I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me³ thus ?

¹ *Squire.*] The measuring rule. *Fr. esquiere.*

² *Given me medicines.*] So in *Othello*, i. 3,

'She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.'

³ *To colt me.*] To trick or gull me.

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.¹

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse ; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue ! shall I be your ostler ?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters ! If I be ta'en, I'll peach² for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison : when a jest is so forward, and afoot too—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL : BARDOLPH and PETO with him.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter :³ I know his voice. Bardolph, what news ?

Bar. Case ye, case ye ; on with your visors ; there 's money of the king's coming down the hill ; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue ; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane ; Ned Poins and I will walk lower : if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them ?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds ! will they not rob us ?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch ?

¹ *Uncoltd.*] Unhorsed.

² *Peach.*] Impeach, or give information.

³ *Our setter.*] The setter of our match. See p. 14, note 2.

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt,¹ your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge ; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by ; stand close.

[*P. HENRY and POINS retire.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,² say I ; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour ; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill : we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand !

Trav. Jesu bless us !

Fal. Strike ! down with them ! cut the villains' throats ! Ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with them ! fleece them !

First Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied³ knaves : are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ;⁴ I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves ! young men must live : you are grand jurors are ye ? we'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, &c. driving them out.*]

¹ *Not John of Gaunt.*] Not gaunt John.

² *Happy man be his dole.*] May each of us realise the proverb, 'Happy man be his dole,' that is, 'Lucky man be the lot dealt to him.' A *dole* is that which is dealt out.

³ *Gorbellied.*] Big-bellied. 'Perhaps,' as Staunton says, 'corrupted for gorge-bellied.'

⁴ *Chuffs.*] Clownish fellows.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument¹ for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

[*Retire again.*]

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money! [*Rushing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them. They all run away, and FALSTAFF after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scattered, and possessed with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other: Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared!

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Argument.*] Subject of conversation.

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

—*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented—why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house :—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous ;—Why that's certain ; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ;¹ and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this ! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant : a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation : an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this ! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. Zounds ! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this ! an infidel ! Ha ! you shall see now, in very sincerity of

¹ *Unsorted.*] Unsuitd.

fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving¹ such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action ! Hang him ! let him tell the king.² We are prepared ; I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate ? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone ?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banished woman from my Harry's bed ?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone ?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyed musing and curst³ melancholy ?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars :
Speak terms of manage⁴ to thy bounding steed :
Cry, *Courage !—to the field !* And thou hast talked
Of sallies and retires ; of trenches, tents,

¹ *Moving.*] Trying to stir or incite.

² *Let him tell the king.*] The letter was from George, Earl of Dunbar and Marche, 'who warned the king, and also attended him at Shrewsbury, where he rescued him from the fierce onslaught of the Douglas, and carried King Henry out of danger. His title of "Marche" has led historians, followed by the poet, into the mistake that he must be a Mortimer.' French's *Shakspeareana Genealogica*. In Act iii. sc. 2, he is called 'Lord Mortimer of Scotland.'

³ *Curst.*] Sullen or ill-tempered.

⁴ *Terms of manage.*] Technical terms of horsemanship.

Of palisadoes, frontiers,¹ parapets ;
Of basilisks,² of cannon, culverin :
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream :
And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these ?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho ! Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff ?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight : O *Esperance* !³—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady ?

Lady. What is it carries you away ?

Hot. Why, my horse,

My love, my horse.

¹ *Frontiers.*] Forts.

² *Basilisks.*] Large guns, so called from their supposed resemblance to the basilisk or cockatrice.

³ *O Esperance.*] *Esperance*, i.e. *hope*, was the motto of the Percy family, and is here used by Percy in anticipation of his war-cry.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape !
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are tossed with.¹ In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title;² and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise:³ but if you go——

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler !—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammals,⁴ and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,
And pass them current⁵ too.—Gods me, my horse !—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me

¹ *As you are tossed with.*] An irritable temper was supposed to be connected with a swelling or agitation of the spleen.

² *About his title.*] See p. 5, note 5.

³ *To line his enterprise.*] To line is to support or fortify. So in 2 *K. Henry IV.* i. 3, 'Who lined himself with hope;' and in *Macbeth*, i. 3, 'Did line the rebel with hidden help and vantage.'

⁴ *Mammets.*] Puppets.

⁵ *Current.*] As current coins.

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :
 Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,
 This evening must I have you, gentle Kate.
 I know you wise ; but yet no further wise
 Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,
 But yet a woman : and for secrecy
 No lady closer ; for I well believe
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate !

Lady. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate,
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
 Will this content you, Kate ?

Lady. It must, of force, [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's
 Head Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS,

P. Hen. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room,¹ and
 lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal ?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three
 or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base
 string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother² to a leash
 of drawers ;³ and can call them all by their Christian
 names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already
 upon their salvation, that, though I be but Prince of Wales,

¹ *Fat room.*] Vat room. So in Mark, xii. 1, 'The wine-fat.'

² *Sworn brother.*] An allusion to *fratres jurati*, brothers sworn
 to share faithfully the dangers and advantages of some common
 enterprise.

³ *Drawers.*] Tapsters.

yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian,¹ a lad of mettle, a good boy—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, *dyeing scarlet*: and when you breathe in your watering,² they cry—*hem!* and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned—to sweeten which name of Ned I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker;³ one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard*⁴ *in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—*Francis!* that his tale to me may be nothing but—*anon*. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent,

Poins. Francis!

*P. Hen. Thou art perfect.*⁵

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit POINS.*]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

¹ *A Corinthian.*] A cant name for a lascivious fellow: Corinth having been noted for its courtesans.

² *Breathe in your watering.*] Take breath while drinking.

³ *Under-skinker.*] An under-drawer or tapster.

⁴ *Bastard.*] A kind of sweet wine.

⁵ *Perfect.*] Perfect in the part or performance.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to——

Poins. [*Without.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir,

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady,¹ a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it!

Fran. O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart——

Poins. [*Without.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be——

Poins. [*Without.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis; for the sugar thou gavest me—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Without.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis?² No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis——

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-

¹ *By 'r lady.*] By our lady the Virgin.

² *Anon, Francis?*] Give you the thousand pounds anon, Francis?

button, nott-pated,¹ agate-ring, puke-stocking,² caddis-garter,³ smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch——

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?⁴

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink;⁵ for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Without.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye;

¹ *Nott-pated.*] Round headed; having close-cropped hair.

² *Puke-stocking.*] Puce-coloured or brownish-purple stocking.

³ *Caddis.*] A kind of worsted tape.

⁴ *Who do you mean?*] The Prince probably meant the vintner.

⁵ *Your brown bastard, &c.*] Howell, in his *Instructions for Forraine Travell*, ridicules this use of the pronoun *your*. See the Editor's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, p. 38, note 2.

what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*]

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after, *a trifle, a trifle.* I prithee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn¹ shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,*² says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack; where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,³ and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan⁴ kiss a dish of

¹ *Brawn.*] Falstaff.

² *Rivo.*] This was a common Bacchanalian shout.

³ *Nether-stocks.*] Stockings. Breeches were called upper-stocks.

⁴ *Titan.*] The sun.

butter? pitiful-hearted Titan,¹ that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring.² There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! A bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything.³ A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,⁴ and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

¹ *Pitiful-hearted Titan.*] We agree with Theobald in supposing that *Titan* is here the compositor's mistake for *butter*.

² *A shotten herring.*] A herring gutted and dried.

³ *I wish I were a weaver, &c.*] Weavers and tailors were much addicted to the practice of singing at their work. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1, Bottom the weaver says, 'I have a reasonable good ear in music;' and in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3, Sir Toby says, 'Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver.' See p. 77, note 3.

⁴ *A dagger of lath.*] This was the weapon of the buffoon who was called the Vice in the ancient comedies. See the Editor's *Twelfth Night*, p. 85, note 2.

Fal. I call thee coward ! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward : but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back : call you that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack :—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain ! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter ?

Fal. What's the matter ! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

Fal. Where is it ? taken from us it is : a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man ?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword¹ with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet ; four, through the hose ;² my buckler cut through and through ; my sword hacked like a handsaw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A plague of all cowards !—Let them speak : if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs ; how was it ?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

¹ *At half-sword.*] Fighting at half-sword distance ; in close fight.

² *Hose.*] Breeches.

Gads. And bound them——

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them ; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all ?

Fal. All ? I know not what ye call, all ; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish : if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for ; I have peppered two of them : two, I am sure, I have paid ; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse¹—thou knowest my old ward :²—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

P. Hen. What, four ? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal ; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus,

P. Hen. Seven ? why there were but four, even now.

¹ *Call me horse.*] So in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3, 'If thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut ;' where *Cut* is supposed to mean a curtal or docked horse. In the present play, ii. 1, one of the carriers' horses is called *Cut*.

² *Ward.*] Fencing guard.

Fal. In buckram ?

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts,¹ or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Prithee, let him alone ; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal.

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell their hose.²

Fal. Began to give me ground : but I followed me close,³ came in foot and hand ; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green,⁴ came at my back, and let drive at me ;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-

¹ *Hilts.*] This plural form was often used for *hilt*.

² *Down fell their hose.*] This banter refers to the points or tagged laces that held the breeches. So in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5, when the Clown says 'I am resolved on two points,' Maria replies 'That, if one break, the other will hold ; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.'

³ *I followed me close.*] This expletive use of the word *me* gives a quaint turn to the expression. It occurs very frequently in this play.

⁴ *In Kendal green*] Kendal was in old times noted for the making and dyeing of cloths. The dress of Robin Hood and his merry foresters was Kendal green.

brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech¹——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado,² or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.³

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin;⁴ this sanguine⁵ coward, this bed-presser, this horse back breaker, this huge hill of flesh——

Fal. Away! you starveling; you elf-skin,⁶ you dried neat's-tongue, you stock-fish—O, for breath to utter what

¹ *Tallow-keech.*] A *keech* was the name for a rolled mass of beef fat. In 2 *K. Henry IV.* ii. 1, we have 'Goodwife Keech the butcher's wife.'

² *The strappado.*] By this instrument of punishment a person was drawn up to its height, and then suddenly with a jerk let fall half-way, so as to break or disjoin his bones.

³ *I.*] This frequent appendage to egotistic assertions was perhaps intended to signify *ay* or *truly*; the affirmative *ay* being often expressed by *I*, and sometimes played with in a quibbling way by the old dramatists.

⁴ *Guilty of this sin.*] Guilty of allowing Falstaff to tell lies.

⁵ *Sanguine.*] Full of eager protestations.

⁶ *Elf-skin.*] This alludes to the diminutive clothing of an elf or fairy. 'There the snake throws her enamelled skin, Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.' *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1.

is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck¹——

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced² you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent³ shame.

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as He that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent?⁴ should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince.⁵

¹ *Vile standing tuck.*] A tuck is a long thin sword, a rapier. Instead of *standing* we would now say *walking*. So in 2 *K. Henry IV.* v. 1, Falstaff calls Shallow 'a bearded hermit's staff.'

² *Out-faced.*] Brow-beat.

³ *Apparent.*] Manifest.

⁴ *The heir apparent.*] In this expression *apparent* has the old signification of *manifest* or *certain*.

⁵ *The lion will not touch, &c.*] The opinion was prevalent in old

Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch¹ to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants! lads! boys! hearts of gold!² All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O, my lord the prince——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess?³ what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,⁴ and send him back again to my mother.

times that a lion would not harm either true chastity or true royalty. So Spenser, *F. Q.* iii, 41, says of Una and the lion—

‘But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
And high disdain, whenas his sovereign Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jaws full greedy at him came.’

¹ *Watch.*] Be awake. There is here a profane allusion to Scripture.

² *Hearts of gold.*] So in the old play of *Roister Doister*, i. 3, ‘How doth sweet Custance, my heart of gold, tell me how.’

³ *My lady the hostess.*] This is word-play on the title *my lord*. So in the *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 9, a servant asks, ‘Where is my lady?’ and Portia answers, ‘Here: what would my lord?’

⁴ *Give him as much, &c.*] That is, give him 3s. 4d. The jest

Fal. What manner of man is he ?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight ?—
Shall I give him his answer ?

P. Hen. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no—fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked ?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men.¹ I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed, to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,² and ever since

here refers to a nobleman as denoting a man worth a noble, or 6s. 8d., and a royal man as one worth a royal, or 10s. Compare *K. Richard II.* v. 5—

'Groom. Hail royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer!

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.'

See p. 15, note 1.

¹ *Of true men.*] Of the honest men we attacked.

² *Wert taken with the manner.*] Wert taken in the fact. *Mainor*, of which *manner* is here a corruption, is an old law term signifying

thou hast blushed extempore : thou hadst fire¹ and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away ; what instinct hadst thou for it ?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors ?² do you behold these exhalations ?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend ?

P. Hen. Hot livers,³ and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.⁴

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast ?⁵ How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee ?

Fal. My own knee ? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist ; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring : a plague of sighing and grief ! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad : here was Sir John Bracy from your father ; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy ; and he of Wales, that gave

the thing stolen. Compare what Costard says in *Love's Labour Lost*, i. 1 : ' The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner :—I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park.'

¹ *Fire.*] An allusion to Bardolph's fiery complexion.

² *These meteors.*] Referring still to his complexion.

³ *Hot livers.*] ' I had rather heat my liver with drinking ;' *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 2. ' And let my liver rather heat with wine ;' *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1.

⁴ *Halter.*] This has a quibbling reference to *choler* as suggesting collar.

⁵ *Bombast.*] Stuffing cotton.

Amaimon¹ the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook²—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O—Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps³ more: Worcester is stolen away to-night: thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly

¹ *Amaimon.*] This, according to Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, was a spirit who might be bound at certain hours of the day and night.

² *The cross of a Welsh hook.*] A Welsh hook appears to have been a kind of partisan. Falstaff here refers to the custom of swearing upon a figure of the cross engraved on a sword, or on the hilt which gave the weapon itself the shape of a cross. 'By the cross of my sword, I will hurt her no whit,' *Roister Doister*, iv. 3. See the Editor's *Hamlet*, p. 41, note 1.

³ *Blue-caps.*] The blue-cap, or blue-bottle, was the name of a weed that grows amongst corn.

afear'd? thou being heir apparent; could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state,¹ this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for² a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion,³ and I will do it in King Cambyases' vein.⁴

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.⁵

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O! this is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

¹ *State.*] Throne, or royal chair.

² *Is taken for.*] Is regarded as no better than.

³ *In passion.*] With emotion.

⁴ *King Cambyases' vein.*] This refers to an old play, *A Lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of Pleasant Mirth, containing the Life of Cambyases, King of Persia*, by Thomas Preston, 1570.

⁵ *Here is my leg.*] Here I do obeisance with my leg. So in *K. Richard II.* iii. 3, 'You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.'

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance !

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O ! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players,
as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot ; peace, good tickle-brain.—
Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time,
but also how thou art accompanied : for though the camo-
mile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet
youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears.¹ That
thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly
my own opinion ; but chiefly, a villainous trick² of thine
eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth
warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the
point—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall
the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,³ and eat black-
berries ? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of
England prove a thief, and take purses ? a question to be
asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often
heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name
of pitch : this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth
defile ; so doth the company thou keepest : for, Harry, now
I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears ; not in plea-
sure, but in passion : not in words only, but in woes also :—
and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

¹ *Camomile, the more, &c.*] This is probably in ridicule of a
passage in Lyly's *Euphues* :—' Though the camomile, the more it is
trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth, yet the violet,
the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and
decayeth.'

² *Trick.*] Manner, style, fashion.

³ *Prove a micher, &c.*] Prove a sneaking truant, as boys do to
pick blackberries. See the Editor's *Hamlet*, p. 86, note 3.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff; if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker,¹ or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sdeath, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearst thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch² of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that

¹ *A rabbit-sucker.*] A sucking rabbit. So in Lyly's *Endymion*, v. 2, 'I prefer an old song before a rabbit-sucker.'

² *Bolting-hutch.*] This was a hutch or bin for receiving bolted, that is, sifted flour.

huge bombard¹ of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox² with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years?³ Wherein is he good, but to taste⁴ sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,⁵ but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you;⁶ whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant

¹ *Bombard.*] A barrel.

² *Roasted Manningtree ox.*] This is supposed to refer to a custom of roasting an ox at Manningtree Fair, in Essex.

³ *That reverend vice, &c.*] The Vice, Iniquity, and Vanity, were characters in the ancient dramas called *Moralities*.

⁴ *Taste sack.*] *Taste* is here used for *test* or *try*. So in *Twelfth Night*, iii. 1, 'Taste your legs, sir.'

⁵ *Cunning.*] Skilful.

⁶ *Take me with you.*] Let me understand you. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, 'Take me with you, wife.'

Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. [*A knocking heard.*]

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, *hastily.*

Host. O, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house; shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.¹

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*:² if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter; if I become not a cart³ as well

¹ *Never call a true, &c.*] Falstaff seems to mean that as he himself, though so much vilified, was a true piece of gold and no counterfeit, so the mad-cap prince was mad in reality, and needed no contrivance to make himself appear a madman.

² *Your major.*] There is here a quibble between *major* officer, or *mayor*, and the major proposition of a syllogism.

³ *A cart.*] The cart in which criminals were conveyed to execution.

as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;¹—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the PRINCE and PETO.*]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employed him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so; if he have robbed these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; is it not?

¹ *Behind the arras.*] Behind the wall curtains. Apartments were often hung round with tapestry curtains.

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's : go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath : search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be : read them.

Peto. *Item, a capon* 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper . . . 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread ob.¹

P. Hen. O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !—What there is else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage : there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning : we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot ; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.² The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Ob.*] A halfpenny was thus signified in old times. It is a contraction of the Latin *obolum*.

² *Twelve-score.*] This expression was of frequent occurrence in relation to archery, cannon, &c., and denoted twelve score yards.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mor. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction¹ full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester :—a plague upon it !
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy,
Sit, good cousin Hotspur : for by that name
As oft as Lancaster doth speak of you,
His cheek looks pale ; and, with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him : at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if
your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had
never been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

¹ *Our induction.*] Our introduction or commencement.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement³ striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of² many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is the living,—clipped in³ with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

¹ *Enlargement.*] Disengagement; liberation.

² *Of.*] From; on the part of.

³ *Clipped in.*] Included within.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh :——
I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I ; or so can any man ;
But will they come, when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth. *Tell truth and shame the devil.*—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, *tell truth, and shame the devil.*

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat,

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power : thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottomed Severn, have I sent
Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too !
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here's the map : shall we divide our
right,
According to our threefold order ta'en ?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally :
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assigned :
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn ;
Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—
Within that space, [*To GLEND.*] you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety,¹ north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours ;
See, how this river comes me cranking in,²
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle³ out.
I'll have the current in this place dammed up,
And here the smug⁴ and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly ;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see, it doth.

¹ *Moiety.*] Share ; proportion. The term was not restricted to denote *half*.

² *Comes me cranking in.*] Comes winding or bending inwards.

³ *Cantle.*] Slice or corner.

⁴ *Smug.*] This word generally meant *spruce in dress*. 'A beggar that was used to come so smug upon the mart.'—*Merchant of Venice*, iii. 1.

Mort. Yea, but mark how he bears his course, and runs
me up

With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this eape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it altered.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then ;
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ?
For I was trained up in the English court :
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart ;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—*mew*,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turned.

Hot. I do not care ; I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend.

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night :
 I'll haste the writer, and, withal,
 Break with¹ your wives of your departure hence :
 I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose :² sometimes he angers me,
 With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,³
 Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;
 And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
 A clip-winged griffin, and a moulten raven;
 A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble⁴ stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
 He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
 In reckoning up the several devils' names,
 That were his lackeys : I cried, *hum,—and, well,—go to,—*
 But marked him not a word. O, he is as tedious
 As a tired horse, a railing wife ;
 Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live
 With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,

¹ *Break with.*] Break or broach the subject to. *To break with a person* now means to quarrel with him.

² *I cannot choose.*] I cannot help it.

³ *The moldwarp, &c.*] Respecting the dividing of the land between Mortimer, Percy, and Glendower, Holinshed says :—' This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophesy, as though King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them.'

⁴ *Skimble-skamble.*] Rambling.

Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments ;¹ valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable ; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour ; faith, he does ;
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame ;²
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion,³ and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am schooled ; good manners be your speed !⁴
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

¹ *Profited, &c.*] Proficient in strange secret arts.

² *Wilful-blame.*] Blame-wilful ; blameably wilful.

³ *Opinion.*] Obstinacy.

⁴ *Good manners, &c.*] May good manners achieve the success of your enterprise.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt
Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in Welsh,
and she answers him in the same.*]

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-willed
harlotry,
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these two swelling heavens,¹
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.²

[*Lady M. speaks.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant,³ love,
Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division,⁴ to her lute.

¹ *From these two swelling heavens.*] From these flooded eyes.

² *But for shame, &c.*] Were it not for shaming my manhood, I would answer thee with discourse of the same kind; I would weep too.

³ *Never be a truant.*] Never play truant from school.

⁴ *Division.*] Descant or variation in music. See the Editor's first six cantos of Spenser, p. 93, note 7.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes¹ lay you down,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown² the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing;
By that time will our book,³ I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here:⁴ sit, and attend.⁵

Hot. Come, Kate, come, quick, quick; that I may lay
my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words; then
the music plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;

¹ *Rushes.*] The rushes with which the apartment was strewed. Even the presence chamber of royalty was carpeted with rushes in old times. 'Suppose the singing birds musicians; the grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strewed.' *K. Richard II.* i. 3.

² *Crown.*] Give supremacy or full sway to.

³ *Our book.*] The pages of our indenture.

⁴ *Yet straight, &c.*] This is Glendower's assertion of his magic power.

⁵ *Attend.*] Expect or await them.

And 't is no marvel he's so humorous,¹
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical ; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach,² howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ;³ 't is a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee !

Hot. Peace ! she sings.

[*A Welsh Song sung by LADY MORTIMER.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth,

Hot. Not yours, *in good sooth* ! Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife ! Not you, *in good sooth* ; and, *As true as I live* ; and, *As God shall mend me* ; and, *As sure as day* :

And giv'st such sarcenet surety⁴ for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate,⁵ like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath ; and leave *in sooth*,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,⁶

¹ *He's so humorous.*] The devil is so swayed by humours.

² *Lady, my brach.*] *Lady*, my female hound.

³ *Neither.*] No, nor that either.

⁴ *Sarcenet surety.*] Asseveration like that of the common city dames.

⁵ *Swear me, Kate.*] An instance of the expletive pronoun so often occurring in this play.

⁶ *Pepper.*] Spice.

To velvet-guards,¹ and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher.² An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*]

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages³ of life,

¹ *To velvet-guards.*] To women that wear velvet bordered dress. A *guard*, in dress, was a border, or braiding, originally intended to guard or protect the edges of the cloth.

² *The next way, &c.*] The nearest way to be like a tailor who is always singing while at work, or a teacher of piping birds. See p. 31, note 6, and p. 50, note 3.

³ *Passages.*] Occurrences.

Make me believe,—that thou art only marked
For¹ the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd,² such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matched withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless,³ I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal :
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof⁴ of many tales devised,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandered and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee !—Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother⁵ is supplied ;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood :
The hope and expectation of thy time

¹ *Marked for.*] Destined to be.

² *Lewd.*] Base.

³ *Doubtless.*] Sure.

⁴ *Reproof.*] Proof of the contrary ; disproof.

⁵ *Thy younger brother.*] John Plantagenet.

Is ruined ; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;
 Opinion,¹ that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,²
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 But, like a comet, I was wondered at :
 That men would tell their children, *This is he ;*
 Others would say,—*Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dressed myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck³ allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new ;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wondered at : and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,⁴
 And won by rareness such solemnity.⁵
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin⁶ wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burned : carded his state ;⁷

¹ *Opinion.*] Reputation.

² *To possession.*] To the possessor of the crown, Richard II.

³ *Pluck.*] Draw. A frequent meaning in Shakspeare.

⁴ *Seldom, &c.*] Like a feast, appeared seldom but sumptuous.

⁵ *Such solemnity.*] The solemnity of a feast.

⁶ *Bavin.*] Dry brushwood.

⁷ *Carded his state.*] Decarded or discarded his dignity, as superfluous cards, in some games, are thrown out of the pack.

Mingled his royalty with carping¹ fools ;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative ;²
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself³ to popularity :
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey ; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little, is by much too much :⁴
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,⁵
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
But rather drowsed,⁶ and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy⁷ men use to their adversaries ;
Being with his presence gluttred, gorged, and full.

¹ *Carping.*] Taunting.

² *Comparative.*] One who uses terms of comparison.

³ *Enfeoffed himself.*] Gave himself up ; devoted himself.

⁴ *By much too much.*] Excessively too much. The expression *too much* was often intensified by prefixing *too*. Thus in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 4, 'O but I love his lady too too-much.' See some remarks on this kind of phraseology in the Editor's *Hamlet*, p. 18, note 2.

⁵ *Community.*] Commonness ; familiarity.

⁶ *But rather drowsed.*] That is, but with such eyes as rather drowsed.

⁷ *Cloudy.*] Gloomy.

And in that very line,¹ Harry, stand'st thou :
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 With vile participation ; not an eye,
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more ;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh ;
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.
 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,²
 Than thou, the shadow of succession :
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness³ in the realm ;
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,⁴
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas ! whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital.

¹ *Line.*] Position. See p. 25, note 2.

² *Interest to the state.*] Interest in the eyes of the state.

³ *Harness.*] Armour.

⁴ *Being no more, &c.*] Being no older than thyself. This was not the fact. Shakspeare thought it poetically expedient to make Hotspur an 'infant warrior.' See p. 6, note 3.

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas : ta'en him once,
Enlarged him,¹ and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,
'The archbishop's grace² of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate³ against us, and are up.⁴
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my toes,
Which art my near'st and dearest⁵ enemy ?
That thou art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so :
And God forgive them that so much have swayed
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours⁶ in a bloody mask,

¹ *Enlarged him.*] Set him at large ; liberated him.

² *The archbishop's grace.*] This style is now unusual except in the phrase *the King's or Queen's Majesty*.

³ *Capitulate.*] Draw up heads or articles of conspiracy.

⁴ *Up.*] Openly in arms.

⁵ *Dearest.*] Most important. So *Hamlet*, i. 2, 'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven.'

⁶ *Favours.*] I do not remember any other instance of *favours*

Which, washed away, shall scour my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,¹
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of² Harry, chance to meet :
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes ; and on my head
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up³ glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship⁴ of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if He be pleased I shall perform,⁵
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds⁶ of my intemperance ;
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;⁷

denoting *features*, which some think to be the meaning here. I have no doubt that *favour*, meaning *face*, is the right word. In *K. Richard II.*, 'I well remember the favours of these men,' *favours* means *faces*, not *features* as Knight supposes.

¹ *Lights.*] Happens ; falls ; or perhaps, dawns, shines, *lightens* the earth.

² *Unthought-of.*] Unregarded.

³ *To engross up.*] To collect or store up.

⁴ *Worship.*] Homage.

⁵ *I shall, &c.*] That I shall perform it.

⁶ *Long-grown wounds.*] Long-repeated grievances.

⁷ *Bands.*] Bonds. The words *band* and *bond* were formerly interchangeable, each word signifying *that which binds*.

And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :¹—
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland² hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury;
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
(If promises be kept on every hand,)
As ever offered foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account
Our business valued,³ some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him⁴ fat, while men delay. [Exeunt.]

¹ *A hundred thousand, &c.*] This is to me as good as the deaths of, &c.

² *Lord Mortimer of Scotland.*] See p. 42, note 2.

³ *By which account, &c.*] And our business being reckoned according to this account.

⁴ *Feeds him.*] Feeds himself.

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John.¹ Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;² I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given³ as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times—a week; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass:⁴ and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

¹ *Apple-John.*] This species of apple keeps well, though it soon has a withered appearance.

² *In some liking.*] In tolerable looking or appearance. 'Their young ones are in good liking;' Job xxxix. 4—'Why should he see your faces worse liking;' Daniel, i. 10.

³ *Given.*] Addicted; disposed.

⁴ *In good compass.*] Within proper bounds.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,¹—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. It thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *By this fire, that's God's angel*: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph,² an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me,³ would have bought me lights as good cheap,⁴ at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

¹ *The lantern in the poop.*] By which the admiral's ship was distinguished.

² *A perpetual triumph, &c.*] *Triumphs* denoted shows, such as masks, revels, bonfires, rejoicings, &c. One of Bacon's Essays is 'Of Masks and Triumphs.'

³ *Drunk me.*] Another example of the expletive *me*.

⁴ *As good cheap.*] Literally, at as good a market. Fr. à bon marché. The word *cheap* originally meant *market*. The expression *good cheap* is quite familiar to the readers of our old literature.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, dame Partlet¹ the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? no, I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John, you do not know me, sir John; I know you, sir John; you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters² of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.³ You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He! alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

¹ *Partlet.*] It has been conjectured that this name was given to a hen on account of the partlet, or ring of feathers, round her neck.

² *Bolters.*] Sifting canvas; sieves.

³ *Eight shillings an ell.*] This is no exaggeration of the cost of linen at the time.

Fal. How ! poor ? look upon his face ; what call you rich ? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks : I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker¹ of me ? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked ? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O ! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How ! the prince is a Jack,² a sneak-cup ;³ an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad ? is the wind in that door,⁴ i'faith ? must we all march ?

Bard. Yea, two-and-two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly ? How does thy husband ? I love him well ; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack ?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack ?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal ? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

¹ *A younker.*] A greenhorn.

² *A Jack.*] A common name for a low menial fellow.

³ *A sneak-cup.*] One who avoids deep potations. A *sneaker* was a small bowl of punch.

⁴ *Is the wind in that door.*] Is that the direction for us.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you?

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;¹ and for womanhood, maid Marian² may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank Heaven on.³

Host. I am no thing to thank Heaven on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John! why, an otter.

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so, thou knave, thou!

P. Hen. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

¹ *A drawn fox.*] A fox when drawn from his kennel is very subtle in devising expedients for his safety.

² *Maid Marian.*] A female character in the morris dances, often personated by a man. The original Maid Marian was Robin Hood's forest queen.

³ *To thank Heaven on.*] To thank Heaven that we are not such.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought¹ him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed² rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

¹ *Ought.*] This form of the past tense of *owe* was often used for *owed*.

² *Embossed.*] Swollen, puffed up.

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel¹ to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.²

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two-and-twenty, or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them; I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph!—

Bard. My lord.

¹ *Good angel.*] A quibbling allusion to the coin called an angel.

² *With unwashed hands too.*] Without thinking that you do wrong. An allusion to the ceremony of washing the hands when one is compelled to act contrary to his own sense of right.

P. Hen. Go, bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—
Go, Poins, to horse, to horse;—for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall
At two o'clock i' the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!——Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot; if speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution¹ should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By Heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy²
The tongues of soothers;³ but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour;
No man so potent⁴ breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

¹ *Such attribution.*] Such an ascription of worth.

² *Defy.*] Abjure.

³ *Soothers.*] Flatterers.

⁴ *So potent.*] As King Henry.

Hot. 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?
Under whose government come they along ?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;
And, at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feared by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited ;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise ;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn ;¹ nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us :
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now ;
Because the king is certainly possessed²
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off ;—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not ; his present want³
Seems more than we shall find it ;—were it⁴ good,

¹ *That his friends, &c.*] That his friends could not so soon be raised by means of a deputy.

² *Possessed.*] Informed.

³ *His present want.*] His not being with us now.

⁴ *Were it.*] Would it be.

To set the exact wealth of all our states
 All at one cast ? to set so rich a main
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
 It were not good : for therein should we read
 The very bottom and the soul of hope ;¹
 The very list,² the very utmost bound
 Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should ;
 Where now remains a sweet reversion :
 We may boldly spend upon the hope
 Of what is to come in ;
 A comfort of retirement³ lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
 If that the devil and mischance look big
 Upon the maidenhead⁴ of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
 The quality and hair⁵ of our attempt
 Brooks no division :⁶ it will be thought
 By some that know not why he is away,

¹ *Therein should we read, &c.*] In the assemblage of all our powers at once we should see the utmost depth and the entire soul of the resources we have to depend on.

² *List.*] Circumscribing limit.

³ *A comfort of retirement.*] The comfort of having something to fall back upon.

⁴ *The maidenhead.*] The maidenhood, or young beginning.

⁵ *Hair of our attempt.*] Worcester seems to mean that the numerous rebel host, covering as it were this enterprise, should be like the uniform direction of smooth hair, showing no irregularity or confusion.

⁶ *Division.*] The poet here makes the termination *-sion* dissyllabic, which he very frequently does at the end of a line, but very rarely in the middle. For two other examples of the rare usage, and some general remarks on this subject, see the Editor's *Comus* of Milton, p. 34.

That wisdom, loyalty, and mere¹ dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question² in our cause :
For, well you know, we of the offering³ side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of,

Hot. You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use ;—
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against the kingdom ; with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down,—
Yet,⁴ all goes well ; yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this dream of fear.⁵

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

¹ *Mere.*] Absolute.

² *Question.*] Doubtfulness ; misgiving.

³ *Offering.*] Aggressive.

⁴ *Yet.*] As yet.

⁵ *This dream of fear.*] Douglas here refers to the conclusion of Worcester's last speech.

Hot. No harm : what more ?

Ver. And further, I have learned,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed¹ mad-cap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades that daffed the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnished, all in arms,
All plumed like estridges, that with the wind
Bated ;² like eagles having lately bathed ;
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver³ on,
His cuisses⁴ on his thighs, gallantly armed,—
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

¹ *Nimble-footed.*] Stowe says, 'He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bows, or other engine, would take a wild buck or doe in a large park.'

² *Estridges, &c.*] Ostriches that strove with, or strove to outstrip, the wind. Johnson substituted *wing* for *with*. Knight tells us that *estridges* means falcons, and that to *bate* is a term of falconry signifying to swoop upon the quarry.

³ *Beaver.*] The word here seems to denote, not the part of the helmet usually so called, but the helmet itself.

⁴ *Cuisses.*] Defensive armour for the thighs. Fr. *cuisse*, the thigh.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun in March
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them .
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal¹ is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales :
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle² reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be !
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily :
Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Reprisal.*] Object of seizure.

² *Battle.*] Army.

SCENE II.—*A public Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press¹ damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter,² with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients,³ corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of compani

¹ *Press.*] The press of enlistment.

² *Toasts and butter.*] This was a contemptuous term for effeminate, comfort-loving cockneys.

³ *Ancients.*] Ensign-bearers. Fr. *enseigne*.

slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,¹ when the glutton's dogs licked his sores : and such as, indeed, were never soldiers ; but discarded unjust² serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted³ tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace ; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient :⁴ and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services ; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat :—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on ; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company : and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves : and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one ; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

¹ *The painted cloth.*] An allusion to the custom of hanging the walls of apartments with cloths on which were painted representations of Dives and Lazarus, the Prodigal Son, and other Scripture subjects.

² *Unjust.*] Dishonest.

³ *Revolted.*] Runaway. In a previous part of the play, ii. 4, the prince says to the tapster, 'Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?'

⁴ *Old faced ancient.*] An old patched standard.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?¹

Fal. What, Hal! How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy;² I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut! never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed: for thy theft³ hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss;⁴ food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they

¹ *Quilt.*] Staunton, who tells us that a *quilt* was a *flock-bed*, refers to the Rev. Joseph Hunter as the only commentator who had noticed this word, and says that he had quite misapprehended its meaning.

² *I cry you mercy.*] To cry anyone mercy is to beg pardon. 'Cry the man mercy;' *As You Like It*, iii. 5. 'I cry your worships mercy;' *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1.

³ *Thy theft.*] This implies a perversion of Falstaff's words to signify, 'I am as vigilant to steal cream as a cat is.'

⁴ *To toss.*] To toss on the enemy's pikes.

had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers¹ on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear,² and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas; by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord,³ or any Scot that this day lives:

¹ *Three fingers.*] The thickness of three fingers.

² *Fear.*] The word is here dissyllabic.

³ *My lord.*] Many of Shakspeare's lines may be reduced to

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver.

Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be : I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition : certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low ;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt, and would to God
You were of our determination !
Some of us love you well ; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

proper length by the omission of this and similar titles of address.
I have no doubt that the line originally stood thus :

'As you, or any Scot that this day lives.'

Blunt. And God defend ¹ but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit ² and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty !
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs ; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs ; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest ;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.³

Hot. The king is kind ; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears :
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore ;
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery,⁴ and beg his peace ;—
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and performed it too.

¹ *Defend.*] Forbid. Fr. *défendre*.

² *Limit.*] Appointed duty.

³ *Suggestion.*] Prompting.

⁴ *To sue his livery.*] To claim delivery to him of his lawful inheritance. See the Editor's *K. Richard II.*, p. 41.

Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less ¹ came in with cap and knee;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages:
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,²
 Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs as pages; followed him,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
 Steps me a little higher than his vow,
 Made to my father while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then, to the point.—

In short time after he deposed the king;
 Soon after that deprived him of his life;
 And, in the neck of that, tasked ³ the whole state:
 To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March

¹ *The more and less.*] A very common expression in old times for *the greater and less*, or, high and low. In the old play of *Roister Doister*, i. 2, we have 'All women fair and foul, more and less.'

² *Stood in lanes.*] Made lanes between them for him to pass.

³ *Tasked.*] Taxed.

(Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king,¹) to be engaged ² in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited :
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the council-board,³
In rage dismissed my father from the court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter ; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king : and let there be impawned
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt.

Pray God, you do !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael ; bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste, to the lord mareshal ;

¹ *Indeed his king.*] The inaccuracy here has been already pointed out.

² *Engaged.*] Detained as a gage or pledge.

³ *Rated my uncle, &c.*] See Act i. sc. 3.

This, to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest,
To whom they are directed; if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch: ¹ for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a rated sinew ² too,
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,)—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's
Douglas,
And lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The Prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;

¹ *Bide the touch.*] Bear the trial.

² *A rated sinew.*] A valued sinew of battle.

And many more corrivals,¹ and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed;
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste; I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[Exeunt severally.]

¹ *Corrivals.*] Copartners. The word *rival* occurs several times in Shakspeare in the sense of partner or associate.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky¹ hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathise ;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet sounds. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester ? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust ;
And made us doff² our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :

¹ *Busky.*] *Bosky* or *busky* means *woody*. 'As the beast passed by, he start out of a *busk*.' *Roister Doister*, i. 4.

² *Doff.*] Originally *do off*. So in *Roister Doister*, iv. 7, 'Do not off your harness, sirs.' See the Editor's *Samson Agonistes* of Milton, p. 64, note on l. 1410.

This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet,¹ peace.

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you,² my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fallen right,

¹ *Chcwet.*] A chattering bird. Fr. *chouette*.

² *Remember you.*] Remind you.

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rained down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help, what with the absent king ;
What with the injuries of a wanton time ;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly wooed
To gripe the general sway into your hand :
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow ;¹ did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That e'en our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head ;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,²
Proclaimed at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion

¹ *That ungentle gull, &c.*] The *gull* is the young cuckoo, which the hedge-sparrow mistakes for her own offspring.

² *Articulated.*] Drawn up in the form of articles.

With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,¹
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation :
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours,² to impaint his cause ;
Nor moody beggars, starving for³ a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly⁴ for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,⁵—
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry ;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
Yet this,—before⁶ my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

¹ *Discontents.*] Malcontents.

² *Water-colours.*] Thin pretexts.

³ *Starving for.*] Hungering after ; greedily longing for.

⁴ *Dearly.*] *Dear* is here dissyllabic. See a similar example in p. 102.

⁵ *This present enterprise, &c.*] Apart from the guilt of this present enterprise resting on his head.

⁶ *Yet this, &c.*] Yet let me say this before, &c.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite

Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,

We love our people well; even those we love,

That are misled upon your cousin's part;

And, will they take the offer of our grace,

Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man

Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:

So tell your cousin, and bring me word

What he will do:—but if he will not yield,

Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,

And they shall do their office. So, be gone;

We will not now be troubled with reply;

We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together

Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

For, on their answer,¹ will we set on them:

And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me,² so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him

¹ *On their answer.*] Immediately on receipt of their answer of refusal.

² *Bestride me.*] That is, for the purpose of defending me.

before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can Honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word, Honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere 'scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us.
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherished and locked up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherished, still the nearer death.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brained Hotspur, governed by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS ; Officers and Soldiers,
behind.*

Hot. My uncle is returned :—deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.¹—Uncle, what news ?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
He calls us, rebels, traitors : and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen ! to arms ! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

¹ *Deliver up, &c.*] The Earl of Westmoreland had been *engaged*
or *impawned*, for the safe return of Worcester.

And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it ;
Which cannot choose¹ but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepped forth before the
king,

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads ;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
How showed his tasking ?² seemed it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you :
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy³ of this day,
England did never owe⁴ so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured

¹ *Cannot choose.*] Cannot help.

² *How showed his tasking ?*] How looked his challenging ? the
manner in which he taxed me ?

³ *Envy.*] Ill-will ; enmity.

⁴ *Owe.*] Possess.

On his follies ; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine :
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed !—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking. Only this—
Let each man do his best ; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—Esperance !—Percy !—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace :

For, heaven to earth,¹ some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*Flourish of trumpets. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

Alarum to the battle. Excursions, and Parties fighting.

Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford² dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a Scot.

¹ *Heaven to earth.*] This is analogous in import to the more common form of stating odds. 'All the world to nothing,' which occurs in *K. Richard III.*, i. 2; in the same speech we have 'My dukedom to a beggarly denier.'

² *The lord of Stafford.*] This was Edmund, fifth earl of Stafford, one of those warriors who were slain, mistaken for the king.

Doug. All's done, all's won ; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where ?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas ? no, I know this face full well :

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnished like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes :
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up and away ;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.¹ [Exeunt.

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free² at London, I fear the shot here ; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft ! who art thou ? Sir Walter Blunt !—there's Honour for you ! Here's no vanity !—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too : God keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered : there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here ?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword :

¹ *Stand full fairly, &c.*] Have a right fair chance of winning the day.

² *Shot-free.*] Without paying shot, or proportion of reckoning.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenged. Prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a while.
—Turk Gregory¹ never did such deeds in arms as I have
done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee,
lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st
not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a
city. [*The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.*]

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him and exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do
come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly,
let him make a carbonado² of me. I like not such grinning
honour³ as sir Walter hath. Give me life; which if I can
save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an
end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY,
PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

K. Hen. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

¹ *Turk Gregory.*] Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII., is here called *Turk*, in order to heap hated epithets upon him.

² *A carbonado.*] A slice of flesh or fowl scored for broiling.
See the Editor's Coriolanus, p. 113, note 2.

³ *Grinning honour.*] Alluding to the distortion of the features
by death.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,¹
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so:—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stained nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long:—come, cousin West-
moreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE JOHN and WESTMORELAND.]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all!

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at
heart,

¹ *Make up.*] Go forward.

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek¹ Percy and thyself about the field :
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee ; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight ; the KING being in danger, enter PRINCE HENRY.*

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee ;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.—

[*They fight ; DOUGLAS flies.*

Cheerly, my lord ; how fares your grace ?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton ; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while :—
Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion ;²
And showed thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O God, they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearkened for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

¹ *Seek.*] That seek.

² *Opinion.*] Reputation. A frequent meaning formerly.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit KING HENRY.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh :—

But thought's the slave of life, and life Time's fool,
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,¹
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue :—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great
heart !—

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout² a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal :
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
Thy ignomy³ sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph !

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*

¹ *I could prophesy.*] Dying persons were supposed to be sometimes gifted with prophetic sagacity. In the *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2, Nerissa says, 'Holy men at their death have good inspirations.' So in *King Richard II.*, the dying Gaunt says :

'Methinks I am a prophet, new inspired,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.'

² *Stout.*] Valiant.

³ *Ignomy.*] Ignominy. The contraction is often met with in old authors. *Physiognomy* was often corrupted to *viognomy*.

What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spared a better man

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray :

Embowelled will I see thee by and by :

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowelled ! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me,¹ and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sdeath, 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot² too. Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no counterfeit : to die is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man ; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion ; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise ? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure : yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me : therefore, sirrah, [*Stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*

¹ *Powder me.*] Salt me.

² *Scot and lot.*] Taxation according to one's means.

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou
fleshed¹

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if
I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy:
[*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any
honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I
look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee
dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given
to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath;
and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed,
so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin
upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death,² I gave
him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and
would deny it, 'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of
my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:

¹ *Fleshed.*] Initiated; made proof of.

² See the editor's *K. John*, p. 8, note 1.

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him ! If I do grow great, I'll grow less ; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do, [Exit, bearing off the body.]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester ! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you ?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary ?¹
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust ?
Three knights upon our party² slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to ;

¹ *Turn our offers contrary, &c.]* See the 2nd scene of the present Act.

² *Upon our party.]* On our side. An expression often used by Shakspeare.

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too :
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*]

How goes the field ?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]

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